meet Gerard at midnight in front of the Renaissance and go in with him to meet Copeau and Roggers. Feeling tired and losing interest in the acting (since the actors, eager to maintain the unity of their roles, showed no originality), I left during the first quarter of the fourth act, then hesitated as to whether or not I should wait for Gerard. First I took a bus for the Gare Saint-Lazare, then another for the Renaissance, and finally a third for Saint-Lazare again, my fear of supping with Gerard and Roggers together winning out. Then the fear of being no good for work tomorrow, my stinginess in regard to time, strength, and money, then my boredom, then, above all, my horror of seeing Gerard think that he can make a plaything of my will.

Sunday

Got home last night at half past twelve; went to bed at once. Slept fairly well, got up soon after seven; bathed; wrote to Gerard; answered Jammes; and rewrote from memory (I rather like that kind of exercise, but it took a bit too much of my time) the letter that motivated the one I receive from him this morning.

The story of how that article was still-born is rather comical.

I am making progress in *Le Memorandum* and am more amused than I like to admit to myself by the unbrokenly stilted quality of its style, which makes all others seem *pasty.*

Go out to lunch with the Ducotes.

Impossible to go on this way; I must see a doctor. This frightful fatigue has eventually given me a sort of fear of all manifestations of life. This evening, after dining at my Aunt Charles's, I come home at nine o'clock, my head heavy with fatigue; not worth anything. Am going to bed.

Monday morning, 7 *Hay*

I am suspicious of the *genuineness* of a feeling the moment that feeling can be of advantage to me. That is what made me

side-step the Jammes article. But the story is rather comical (unfortunately I have not kept all *my* letters) . That article would have been of great value to me; but I should have owed it to a misunderstanding. I am beginning to believe that I have even more pride than vanity — and terrifying re-serves of malice against myself*

This need of mortification is worth meditating on,

10 May

I chose this very small notebook in order to be able to put it into my pocket. I like having, it on me, busying myself with it anywhere what-